inmates, if anything more than his predecessors had done. See the Archives of Ontario, Provincial Secretary's Correspondence, RG 8-5, W.J. Hanna Files (1905-1916), Container 47, C.K. Clarke Folder.

[cxli] See Mr. O'Mally's poem "Those Cruel Tories and Dr. Herriman."

'Tis claimed Toronto is a city
That is always bright and gay,
But an institution on Queen St. West,
Is mighty sad today.

The laundry women went to work
A tear in every eye
And, when I met the nigger wench
I asked the reason why.

She flung her arms around me
shed scarcely speak a word
At least between her sobs she moaned
We're going to lose our Lord.

I gaze upon her blankly;
And, I said God never dies
But she wailed Oh Jack, 'tis Herriman
And, not the one in the skies.

Them wicked Tories are sending him
to idiots way up north
And, he said he loved poor Dinah too,
and, again the wails broke forth.

Oh Jack, aint it just awful bad
How them tories are so mean
To take our doctor from us so,
and, all some dirt to screen.

Tis on account of the by election
We have to lose our friend
If twent for that they'd leave him here
On that you may depend.

And, I'll never like the new one
I think his name is Clare,
I cant ask him for some salts each week
Oh Jack, it isn't fair.

And, she says I hope old Whitney
And, that papist Dawney too
will get a good hot place in hades
when their idiot work is tru.

And, she sayd, I don't know what to do
My heart is broke you see;
While that scoundrel Whitney can drunk hot scotch
Like he did at Napanee
And, Have it heated to his taste with electricity.